
CARMEN SÆCULARE,

FOR

The Year, 1700.

OUR NEW RECORDS

OF

THE VOLUME

Carmen Sæculare,

FOR

The YEAR 1700.

TO THE

KING.

Matthew Prior

*Aspice venturo latentur ut Omnia Sæc'lo :
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus &, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!*

Virg. Eclog. 4.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Grays-Inn-Gate in
Grays-Inn-Lane, 1700.

General Statistics

The Year 1900

and

King

Alfred, Count of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, 1862-1900
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Carmen Sæculare,

For the Year 1700.

TO THE K I N G.

TH Y elder Look, Great *Janus*, cast
Into the long Records of Ages past ;
Call out the Years in fairest Action drest,
With noted White Superior to the rest ;
Æras deriv'd, and Chronicles begun
From Empires founded, and from Battels won :
Show all the Spoils by Valiant Kings atchiev'd,
And Groaning Nations by their Arms reliev'd,
The Wounds of Patriots in their Country's Cause,
And happy Pow'r sustain'd by wholesom Laws ;

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In comely Order march each Merit forth,
 Mark ev'ry Act with its intrinsic Worth:
 Then hast the Mighty Parallels to bring
 To Modern Wonders and to *Britain's* KING.
 With Equal Justice and Historic Care
 Their Laws, their Toils, their Arms with His compare;
 Confess the various Attributes of Fame
 Collected and Compleat in *WILLIAM's* Name;
 To all the list'ning World relate,
 As thou dost his Story read,
 That nothing went before so Great,
 And nothing Greater can succeed.

Latium was thy Darling Care,
 Prudent in Peace, and Terrible in War:
 The Boldest Virtues that have Govern'd Earth
 From *Latium's* fruitful Womb derive their Birth.

Turn thither the fair-written Page,
 From dawning Childhood to establish'd Age
 The Glories of the Empire trace,
 Confront the Heroes of thy *Roman* Race,
 And let fair Proof my bold Assertion grace.

If *Mars's* Son reduc'd the trembling Swains,
 And spread his Empire o'er the distant Plains,

The *Sabins* violated Charms
 Obscur'd the Glory of his rising Arms.

Strict Religion *Numa* knew,
 On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due,

Unskill'd

Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
Or lead the forward Youth to Noble War.
Sealing his Justice with his Childrens Blood
Stern *Brutus* was with too much Horror good.
Fabius was Wise, but with excess of Care ;
He sav'd his Country, but prolong'd the War:
Fabricius, Paulus, Curius, greatly Fought,
And by their strict Examples taught
How dang'rous Lusts must be controll'd,
And how much brighter Virtue was than Gold ;
But scarce their swelling Thirst of Fame cou'd hide,
And boasted Poverty with too much Pride.
Excess in Youth made *Scipio* less Rever'd,
And *Cato* dying, seem'd to own he Fear'd.
Julius with Honour tam'd *Rome's* Foreign Foes ;
Too many Patriots fell e're the Dictator rose.
And tho' with Clemency *Augustus* Reign'd,
The Monarch was Ador'd, the City chain'd.

Let their Deserts with mighty Praise be drest,
But be their Failings too confess'd,
Their Virtue rowling like their *Tyber's* Flood ;
Its rapid Force design'd their Country's Good :
But oft the Torrents too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore some polluting Weed ;
And with the Blood of *Jove* there always ran
Some small allaying Tincture of the Man.

Few Virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the Scale :

B

Valour

Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
 Did the true Charms of Majesty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in Age,
 Show'd sad Remains of what had once been fair;
 Till Heav'n a better Race of Men supplies,
 And Glory shoots new Beams from Western Skies.

Turn then to *Pharamond* and *Charlemain*,
 And the long Heroes of the *Gallic* Strain;
 Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Prowess known,
 And in fierce Battels Bloody Laurels won.

From the First *WILLIAM*, our Great *Norman* King,
 The Bold *Plantagenets* and *Tudors* bring;
 Illustrious Heroes, who by turns have rose
 In Foreign Fields to check *Britania's* Foes,
 With happy Laws her Empire to sustain,
 and with full Power assert her ambient Main;
 But sometimes too Industrious to be Great,
 Nor patient to expect the Turns of Fate,
 They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight,
 And made Proud Conquest trample over Right;
 Afflicted *Britain* mourn'd their doubtful Sway,
 And dreaded Both, when neither wou'd obey.

From *Didier* and Imperial *Adolph* trace
 The fruitful Offspring of Great *NASSAW's* Race,
 Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty,
 The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
 Next see the Kindred Blood of *ORANGE* flow,
 From Warlike *Cornet*, thro' the Loins of *Beau*;
 Thro'

Thro' *Chalon* next, and there with *NASSAW* join,
 From *Rhosnes* fair Banks transplanted to the *Rhine* ;
 Then call the Royal List of *STUARTS* forth,
 Undaunted Minds that Rul'd the rugged North,
 'Till Heav'n's Decrees by rip'ning Times are shown,
 'Till *Scotland's* Kings ascend the *English* Throne,
 And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

Janus, Mighty Deity,
 Be kind, and as thy searching Eye
 Does our Modern Story trace,
 Finding some of *STUART's* Race
 Unhappy, pass their Annals by,
 No harsh Reflection let Remembrance raise,
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise ;
 But as thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly * Name, [*Maria*.]
 To Grief for ever Sacred as to Fame,
 Oh ! read it to thy self, in silence weep,
 And thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep,
 Lest *Britain's* Grief shou'd waken at the Sound,
 And Blood gush forth from Her Eternal Wound.

Whither wou'dst thou further look ?
 Read *WILLIAM's* Acts, and close the ample Book :
 Peruse the Wonders of his blooming Life,
 His Infant Patience calming Factious Strife,
 Quelling the Snakes that round his Cradle ran,
 For *WILLIAM* thus, *Alcides* thus began.

Describe

Describe his Youth attentive to Alarms,
 By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms,
 When Conqu'ring mild, when Vanquish'd not disgrac'd,
 By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd,
 Superior to the blind Events
 Of little Human Accidents,
 And constant to his first Decree,
 To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free,
 To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant Knee. }

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring,
 And see the Hero perfect in the King,
 Imperious Arms by Manly Reason sway'd,
 And happy Pow'r by free Consent obey'd:
 With how much hast his Mercy meets his Foes,
 And how unbounded his Forgiveness flows ;
 With what Desire he makes his Subjects Blest,
 His Favours granted e're his Throne addrest ;
 What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts he rears
 By Moderation greater than by Wars ;
 How o'er Himself, as o'er the World he Reigns,
 His Life enforcing what his Law ordains.

Thro' all his Thread of Life already spun,
 Becoming Grace and proper Action run ;
 By equal Virtues all the Piece is wrought,
 Mixt with no Crime, and shaded with no Fault,
 No Footsteps of the Victor's Rage
 Left in the Camp where *WILLIAM* did engage ;
 No

No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride
 Upon the Royal Purple spy'd:
 His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
 The more shall its intrinsic Worth proclaim,
 Shall pass the Combat of the searching Flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing nor its Lustre, nor its Weight.

Janus, be to *WILLIAM* just,
 To future History his Actions trust,
 Bid her with peculiar Care
 Trace ev'ry Toil, and mention ev'ry War ;
 His saving Wonders bid her write
 In shining Characters distinctly bright,
 Fair to be read, when all that we can give
 To make our Master's Glory live,
 Does of its self insensibly decay,
 When Time the Marble and the Brass devours,
 And envious Winters in sure Ruin lay
 The Pride of *Namur's* Towers.

Namur's Towers which War had arm'd
 Against what human Force cou'd do,
 By *WILLIAM's* Valour were alarm'd,
 Were subdu'd by *WILLIAM's* Blow :
WILLIAM mounted *Namur's* Towers,
 Second him *Jove*, and *Pallas*, Mighty Powers ;

He flew like *Perseus* thro' the Air,
 The utmost dreadful height to gain,
WILLIAM and the God of War
 Can only Toils like these sustain;
 Rocks, Rivers, Mountains, Armies, Fire,
 To stop his Glorious Course conspire:
 Why will they conspire in vain?
 What can *WILLIAM*'s Force restrain?
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear,
 And lo, *Britania*'s Lions waving there!

Europe freed, and *France* dismay'd,
WILLIAM from the height survey'd;
 He order'd War and Rage to cease,
 He bid the *Maese* and *Rhine* in safety flow,
 And dictated a lasting Peace,
 To the rejoicing World below.
 To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns,
 His Equal hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds,
 Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province shou'd Obey,
 How far each Monarch shou'd extend his Sway;
 Taught 'em how Grace made Majesty rever'd,
 And how the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd:
 Firm by his side Unspotted Honour stood,
 Confessing him less Great than Good:
 His Head with brighter Beams fair Glory deckt,
 Than those which all his num'rous Crowns reflect;
 Establish't Freedom clapt her joyful Wings,
 Virtue proclaim'd the First of Men, and Fame the Best of
 (Kings:
 Whither

Whither is wild Fancy brought?
Whither wou'd the Muse aspire
With *Pindar's* Rage without his Fire?
Pardon me, *Janus*, 'twas a Fault
Created by too great a Thought:
Mindless of the God and Day
I from thy Altars, *Janus*, stray,
From thee, and from my self born far away.
The fiery *Pegasus* disdains
To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins,
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views;
He runs with an unbounded Loose;
Hardly the Muse can fit the headstrong Horse,
Nor wou'd she if she cou'd check his impetuous Force;
With the glad Noise the Cliffs and Valleys ring,
While she thro' Earth and Air pursues her Godlike KING:

She now beholds him on the *Belgic* Shore,
Whilst *Britain's* Tears his ready help implore,
Dissembling for our sakes his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars:

She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views him advancing his adventurous Prow;
Combating adverse Winds and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer our Ease;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State;
Tho' e're the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

Anon

Anon in *Iris* Camps she finds her Theme,
And plunges after him thro' *Boyn's* fierce Stream ;
She bids the *Nereids* run with trembling haft,
To tell Old *Ocean* how the Hero past ;
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, whose Empire he obeys.

She thence to *Albion* does the Victor bring,
Albion with *Is's* greets her happy King ;
But he declines the Altars she wou'd raise,
Accepts the Zeal, tho' he rejects the Praise.
Again she follows him thro' *Belgia's* Land,
And Nations often sav'd by *WILLIAM's* hand,
Ranges Confederate Armies on the Plains,
And in pitch'd Battels bleeding Conquest gains ;
Thence to the Points of armed Rocks aspires,
O'er hollow Mountains bellowing hidden Fires,
Beholds the Rocks submit, the Mountains bow,
And willing Nations Crown the Common Victor's Brow.

Sudden another Scene employs her Sight,
She sets her Hero in another Light,
Paints his Great Mind Superiour to Success,
Declining Conquest to establish Peace ;
She brings *Astrea* down to Earth again,
And Quiet brooding o'er his future Reign.

Then with unwear'd Wing the Goddess soars
Eastward, to *Danube* and *Propontis* Shores,

Where

Where jarring Empires ready to engage
Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage ;
'Till *WILLIAM*'s Word like that of Fate declares,
If they shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars ;
How sacred His Renown for equal Laws,
To Him the World defers its Common Cause !
How fair His Friendships, and his Leagues how just !
Him all Religions, Him all Nations trust.

From the *Maotis*, to the Northern Sea,
The Goddess wings her desperate Way,
Sees the young *Moscovite*, the mighty Head
Whose Sovereign Terror Forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a Greater Monarch's Praise,
And passing half the Earth, to His Embrace ;
She in His Rule beholds His *Volga*'s Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as it rows its violent Course,
Drowning, or Bearing down what-ever meets its way.
But her own King she likens to His *Thames*,
Serene, yet Strong, exempt from all Extreame,
And with fair Speed devolving fruitful Streams.
Each ardent Nymph the rising Current craves,
Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting Waves ;
Round either Bank the Vales their Sweets disclose,
Fresh Flowers for ever rise, and fruitful Harvest grows.

Whither wou'd the Goddess go,
Sees she not Clouds, and Earth and Main below ?
Minds she the Dangers of the *Lycian* Coast,
And Fields where mad *Belerophon* was lost ?

Or is her daring Flight reclaim'd
 By Seas, from *Icarus*'s Downfal nam'd ?
 Vain is the Call and uselefs the Advice,
 To wise Persuasion deaf and human Cries,
 Upward she incessant flies,
 Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere,
 And tell Great *Jove*, she sings His Image here.
 To ask for *WILLIAM* an Olympic Crown
 To *Chromius* Strength and *Theron*'s Speed unknown,
 'Till lost in ample Fields of shining Day,
 Unable to discern the Way
 Which *NASSAW*'s Virtue only cou'd explore,
 Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,
 She from the noble Precipices thrown,
 Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.
 Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate !
 Too bold the Strong, the Hero was too Great ;
 She chuses rather thus to die,
 Than in continued Annals live to sing
 A second Hero or a vulgar King ;
 And with Ignoble Safety fly
 In fight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

To *Janus* Altars and the numerous Throng
 That round His bolted Temples press
 For *WILLIAM*'s Life, and *Albion*'s Peace,
 Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song.
 Janus cast thy forward Eye
 Future, into Great *Rhea*'s pregnant Womb,

Where

Where young Ideas brooding lie,
And tender Images of Things to come ;
'Till by thy high Commands releas'd,
'Till by thy Hand in proper Atoms drefs'd,
In decent Order they advance to Fight,
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight,
And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight.

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hostile Rampart torn,
Nor Trophies brought from Battles won,
The Oaken Garland, nor the Mural Crown,
Can to Victorious *WILLIAM*'s Name

Augmented Honours give :

His is an ample Plenitude of Fame,

Incapable Addition to receive.

Shut then, auspicious God, thy Mystic Gate,
And make us Happy as our KING is Great.
Be kind, and with a milder Hand

Clofing the Volumn of the finish'd Age,

(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page)

A more delightful Leaf expand ;

Free from Alarms, and fierce *Bellona*'s Rage.

Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,

By *Flora* some, and some by *Ceres* crown'd ;

Command the laughing Hours to scatter as they fly,

Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endless Joy ;

Distribute Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,

And Times from better Mettle nam'd.

Secure by *WILLIAM*'s Care let *Britain* stand,
 Nor dread the bold Invaders Hand ;
 From other Shores in Safety let her hear
 Foreign Calamity and distant War,
 Of which no Portion she shall bear.

Betwixt the Nations let Her hold the Scale,
 And as she wills, let either part prevail ;
 Let her glad Vallies smile with ripen'd Corn,
 Let fleecy Flocks her rising Hills adorn ;
 Around her Coast, let strong Defence be spread,
 Let fair abundance on her Breast be shed,
 And let Eternal Sweets bloom round the Goddess Head.

Science to raise and Knowledge to enlarge
 Be her Heroes future Charge ;
 To write His own Memoirs, and leave His Heirs
 High Schemes of Government and Plans of Wars ;
 To hardy Feats our Noble Youth to raise
 And stimulate Desert, with thirst of Praise ;
 To lead them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
 Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,
 Where the fleet Stag employs their ardent Care,
 And Chases give them Images of War.
 To teach them Vigilance by false Alarms,
 Inure them in feigned Camps to real Arms,
 Practise them now to Curb the turning Steed
 Mocking the Foe, now to His rapid speed
 Give all the Rein, and midst the full Career
 Draw the sure Sword, or send the pointed Spear.

To

To plant Societies for peaceful Arts,
 Increase our Learning and unite our Hearts ;
 Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
 And by Experiment make Precept sound ;
 Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
 And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage ;
 Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
 And to just Ideoms fix our doubtful Speech :
 That distant Realms may from our Authors know,
 The Thanks we to Our MONARCH owe ;
 And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
 That have invoc'd His Aid, or blest his Hand.

Let His High Power the drooping Muses rear ;
 The Muses only can reward His Care :
 'Tis they that Guard Great *Agamemnon's* Spoils,
 'Tis they that still renew *Ulysses* Toys,
 To them by smiling *Jove* 'twas given to save
 Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave ;
 To them Great *WILLIAM's* Glory to recal
 When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
 Nor let the Muses with ungrateful Pride

 The mutual Obligation hide,
 The Hero's Virtue does the String inspire
 When with big Joy, they strike the living Lyre :
 On *WILLIAM's* Fame their Fate depends,
 The Song with Him begins, with Him it ends ;
 From the bright Effluence of His Deed,
 They borrow that reflected Light,
 With which the lasting Lamp they feed,
 Whose Beams shall ever chase the Damps of envious Night.

E

From

From the wild Ruins of the ancient Court,
Let a new Phoenix her young Columns rear,
As may the Greatness of this Reign support,
 An Object worthy *WILLIAM*'s Care ;
Open, yet Solid, as the Builder's Mind,
 Be her spacious Rooms design'd ;
Let every Sacred Pillar bear
Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War :
There shall the KING in *Parian* Marble Breathe,
 His Shoulder bleeding fresh, and at His Feet
Disarm'd and Stopt shall lie the threatn'd Death,
(For so was saving *Jove*'s Decree compleat)
His Genius plac'd behind defends the Blow ;
Disembled Waters from the Basis flow,
 And *Boyn*'s Triumphant Flood is known,
 For ever in the Wounded Stone.
Before the Palace, *Thames* shall softly glide,
With dear Affection forming long delay,
 Unwilling to be forc'd away,
 Tho' all the Sister-Rivers chide,
Fond of Her Lord, forgetful of Her Tide.

And thou Imperious *Wind* for stand enlarg'd,
With all the Stores of *Britain*'s Honour charg'd :
Thou the fair Heaven that dost the Stars enclose,
Which *WILLIAM*'s Bosom wears, His Hand bestows,
To the Great Champions that support His Throne,
 And Virtues nearest to His own ;

Round *Ormond's* Knee, thou tyeſt the Myſtic String
That makes the Knight Companion to the KING ;
Returning Glorious from the Foreign Field,
In Thee he pays his Vows, and hangs his Shield.
Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt Great *Dorſet's* Worth confeſt ;
Transcendent Goodneſs in juſt Honours dreſt,
The Ray diſtinguiſhing the Patriot's Breſt.
(O ! long as Breath informs this fleeting Frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in Silence *Dorſet's* Name ;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continued Debt,
Which the Great Patron only wou'd forget,
And Duty long as Life muſt ſtudy to acquit.)
In Thee Great *Cavendiſh* Name ſhall long be known,
The Father's Light tranſmitted to the Son.
In Thee the *Seymours*, and the *Talbot's* Line,
With high Preheminence ſhall ever ſhine.
And if a God theſe lucky Numbers guide,
If ſure *Apollo* o'er the Song preſide,
Jerſey, Belov'd by All as well as Me
Shall at thy Altars bow, ſhall own to Thee
The faireſt Mark of Favour and of Fame,
Familiar to the *Villiers* Name.

Through various Climes, and to each diſtant Pole,
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl ;
Let *Britain's* Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than *Argos* brought to ancient *Greece*,
Returning Loaden with the ſhining Stores
Which lie Profuſe on either *India's* Shores :

As our high Vessels pass their Watry Way,
 Let all the Naval World due Homage pay ;
 With hafty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
 Confessing the Asserted Power,
 To whom by Fate 'twas given with happy Sway,
 To calm the Earth and vindicate the Sea.

Our Prayers are heard, and *WILLIAM*'s Fleets shall
 As far as Winds can bear, or Waters flow ;
 New Lands to make, new *Indies* to explore,
 In Worlds unknown to plant *Britannia*'s Power ;
 Nations yet wild, by Precept to reclaim,
 And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in *WILLIAM*'s Name.

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear,
 The list'ning People shall His Story hear ;
 The Wounds He bore, the Dangers he sustain'd,
 How far He Conquer'd, and how well He Reign'd ;
 Shall own His Mercy equal to His Fame,
 And form their Children's Accents to His Name,
 Enquiring how, and when, from Heaven He came. }
 Their Regal Tyrants shall with Blushes hide }
 Their little Lufts of Arbitrary Pride, }
 Nor longer bear to see their Vassals ty'd : }
 When *WILLIAM*'s Virtues raise their opening Thought,
 His Forty Years for Public Freedom fought,
 Europe by His Hand sustain'd }
 His own Stupendous Victories restrain'd, }
 And o'er the Righted World Eternal Triumph gain'd. }

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
 Ideas of Destructive Power,
 Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that Devour :
 New Incense they shall bring, new Altars raise,
 And fill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise,
 When the Great Father's Character they find
 Vifibly stamp'd upon the Hero's Mind ;
 And own a present Deity confess'd,
 In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that blest.

}

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky,
 (For thither Nature casts our common Eye)
 Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light,
 And Comets march with lawless Horror bright ;
 These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own,
 Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown ;
 Through threatn'd Lands they wild Destruction throw,
 'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe :
 But the bright Orb that blesses all above,
 The sacred Fire, the real Son of *Jove*,
 Rules not his Actions by Capricious Will,
 Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill,
 Fixt by just Laws he goes for ever right,
 And Man, that knows his Course, adores his Light.

O *Janus* ! wou'd intreated Fate conspire
 To grant what *Britain's* Wishes cou'd require,
 That Sun shou'd cease his Destin'd Way to go,
 E'er *WILLIAM* cease to Govern all below :

F

But

But a relentless Destiny
 Urges all that e'er was born,
 Her absent Lord *Britannia* once must mourn,
 And of the Demi-God the Earthly-half must die :
 Yet if our Incense can excite your Care,
 If Heavenly Wills relent to Human Pray'r,
 Exert Great God thy Interest in the Sky,
 Gain ev'ry Tutelary Deity ;

That Conquer'd by the Public Vow,
 They keep the dismal Mischiefs long away,
 And far as lengthn'd Nature may allow,
 Reject with happy Power the threatn'd Day.
 Into the Ocean for his Life design'd,
 'Throw, bounteous Heav'n, innumerable Hours,
 And that stern Fate its strict Account may find,
 Make up that Loss by taking them from Ours.
 Deep in this Age let Him extend His Sway,
 And our late Sons with chearful Awe obey.
 On His sure Virtue long let Earth rely,
 And late let the Imperial Eagle fly,
 To bear the Hero through His Father's Sky.

To Great *Æneas*, to *Themistocles*,
 To *Pollux*, *Theseus*, *Hercules*,
 And all the Radiant Names above,
 Rever'd by Men and Dear to *Jove* ;
 Late let the New-born *NASSAW* - Star
 With dawning Majesty appear,
 To Triumph over vanquish'd Night,
 And Guide the *British* Mariner,
 With everlasting Beams of Friendly Light.

F I N I S.

Book Printed for Jacob J. ...

THE ...
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